

Goodbye

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Summary: Losing someone is always hard, it means pain and regrets. It means sadness and tears. To Jack it also means guilty now.

Goodbye

****Author's Note:** **Well hello there! Sooo .. Here is my first story, an Hijack one because I'm just obsessed by this ship. And what better than a suicidal Hiccup for a first story? Pretty sad I know. Anyway, yeah I wrote this for a reply on tumblr actually, for a meme. Some people asked me to write more of it, to do a sequel so I wrote more and there it is. This made me sad, to be honest, and even made me cry. Gahh maybe I'm just too emotive but this ship just ruined my life okay? Anyway, I don't even know what to tell you. Oh! If you really want to cry your eyes out like Hiccup does in this fanfic you should listen to Safetysuit - You Don't See Me, it's basically their song okay. Anywaaaays, enjoy I guess?

****This is a fanfiction, which means I own nothing but the words I use in there. The characters belong to ****_DreamWorks Animation_****. Jack Frost and Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III come from two of their movies:****_ Rise of the Guardians_**** and ****_How To Train Your Dragon_****. Copyright to DWA.****

****WARNING:** **Hiccup is suicidal in this fanfiction, it's not rating M for nothing kiddos.

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><p>Hot tears wouldn't stop raining down freckled red cheeks as a shaky hand held onto a knife. No turning back this time. All this was too much for the brunet, it was too hard for him to just shut up and watch the one he loved with all his heart be happy with someone else. Hiccup was actually proud of himself, he managed to handle this all for so many years, so many painful years were he would cry his eyes

out as soon as the other would left. Left to go see him. He had enough of all this stupid one-sided love, he couldn't accept Jack as his friend, so how could he just keep going with his life now? He couldn't right. His eyes finally looked away from the sharp knife for a couple of minutes as he stared at his phone. Slowly, carefully he put the weapon down next to him and allowed his back to hit the mattress of his bed as he searched in his contacts list for the name he loved the most and hated at the same time. He called, hand shaking and throat dry but no one replied. A weak smile made its way through a puffy red face. Of course the day he really needs him he doesn't reply.<p>

Well.. When the 'bip' was heard he decided that at least he could say goodbye in a proper uniform. Glupping he opened his mouth but nothing left his lips. His whole body shook violently before tears started to fall all over again and he had to put a hand in front of his mouth not to make too many noises. But let's say it didn't really work. Taking a deep breath he tried to calm himself enough to speak: "H-Hey, Jack. I.. I don't even know what to say." His hand slowly moved from his mouth to his eyes, "I.. I know I kinda promised I wouldn't do it. I remember that, do you? B-But you know - wait no you don't know. You don't know what it feels like to love someone like I love you and know you won't ever be with them." Biting his lower lip he tried not to rant, he tried not to start and yell at the other. Because yes, yes he was angry - no mad he was mad at Jack and he wanted to yell at him so much. But he stopped himself anyway. "But that's not the point, it's not important anymore." A dry chuckle escaped his lips, "I wonder what you're doing for not replying to my call. Well if you're with Jackson, say hi for me. Say goodbye too." Taking another deep breath, by the nostrils this time he tried not to cry but completely failed. "I-I.. I loved you, Jack. You know that? You know how much I loved you? No right? Well.. You'll never know.." He couldn't keep talking anymore as tears fell and fell without stopping a minute, all he could manage to say now before hang up the phone call was his weak 'Goodbye.'

* * *

><p>And now if we go see what was going on at Jack's house? It was a movie night for him and his boyfriend, Jackson. They had this habit of doing a lot of movie nights whenever they had time to spare and well, that night they had a lot of it. It's Jack who decided what movie they would be watching that night: The Avengers. He was already laying down on their couch, with his favorite Iron Man t-shirt put on, with his hand shoved into a bowl full of salty popcorns. As soon as Jackson was back he sat up to let him some space and they could start their movie night. I know what you all think, why didn't he reply to Hiccup's call? Well.. He heard the call, for sure but when he was about to take his phone his lover's voice stopped him: "Come on, I'm sure it's nothing important." With a chuckle he obeyed, letting the phone ring and snuggling a bit more against the other. Jackson was certainly right anyway, right? To be honest he wasn't sure, but he didn't want to ruin the moment they were having together, for every moments were important for him.<p>

But something, he didn't know what, was telling him that this night wasn't going to be all perfect. However their movie was amazing, of course "even if he saw it more than 10 times and that know he knew it by heart" and they had a great time together like always. The problems arrived when he looked at his phone.

Missing call: One â€" **Fishbone**

Voicemail: One message - **Fishbone **

For now, nothing bad right? Well maybe Hiccup would be upset for him not replying but he would let it go and pardon Jack soon anyway. He decided to listen to the message though, as he stood and made his way to the bathroom. To the first breath he understood something was wrong and let's say that when he heard cries he knew something was really, really wrong. As the other spoke more and more, he started to shake, his hand on the phone tightening and his other free hand now up to his open mouth in shock. Pictures of that day when he caught Hiccup with a knife up above his chest, ready to end with his life because of one idiot. Because of him. He broke down in tears as the call passed by, soon it would end with a 'Goodbye' he wished he would never have to hear. But he heard it, oh he heard it and now only one time for he repeated the message all over again until Jackson came in and threw the phone away.

That night a lot of people lost their lives, maybe they had an accident, maybe they died from disease or from old age. Some maybe killed themselves. We will never know how many died, but we know that one small brunet died that night, and we also know that someone lost a bestfriend.

End
file.